

Knoxville Whig and Chronicle.

VOL XXXVII--NO. 13

KNOXVILLE, TENN.: WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23, 1875.

WHOLE NO 1885

HEAVY STORM.

Houses at Charleston, Tennessee, Unroofed.

Great Destruction Reported Between Charleston and Riceville.

Special to Knoxville Chronicle.

CHARLESTON, June 16, 1875.

The heaviest wind known to the oldest inhabitant passed over this place at 3 o'clock p. m. to-day from west to east. The store house of John Bieby & Son was unroofed, and also the dwelling house of Col. M. H. Provine. No one hurt that I have heard of up to this time. There was some rain after the wind.

The Academy in Calhoun was unroofed, also the residence of Mr. James M. Knox.

The wires east of the town were blown down.

It is understood here that there is great destruction of property between Charleston and Riceville.

W. L. McK.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

DOMESTIC.

COLUMBUS, June 19.—The following is the platform adopted by the Democratic Convention in session here to-day:

Adherence to the principles of the Fathers of the Republic. Opposition to the aggressions of either upon the functions of co-ordinate powers of the Government, or the exercise of the functions reserved to the people. Protection to all citizens, regardless of anything. One term and \$25,000 salary. No grants, money, credit or bonds to schemes. The abolition of the National Banks, and to issue legal tenders to meet the wants of trade, and the establishment of State Banks of discount and deposit under State regulations. Half of the customs to be payable in legal tenders. No currency but legal tenders. A complete separation of the church and State, and no secular schools. A continued tyranny and cruelty to the Southern States denounced.

COLUMBUS, June 18.—The State Democratic Executive Committee organized by re-electing the old officers.

FOREIGN.

SHANGHAI, June 19.—Intelligence has been received from Chin Kiang that a body of native soldiery occupied the United States Consul and his wife. Two of the aggressors were arrested and temporarily confined in the British Consulate, when a mob of soldiers surrounded the building and endeavored to effect the rescue of their companions. The Europeans hastily mustered and prepared to defend the Consulate, but the Chinese authorities succeeded in quieting the mob. The British and American Consuls at this city have left for Chin Kiang. The United States Man-of-war, Palos, and the British war ship, Thalia, will follow them.

THE WHEAT CROP.

What Our Exchanges Say About It.

The Vicksburg Herald estimates that the wheat crop of Mississippi this year will be equal to the crops of the last ten years combined.

The most of the wheat in this county will be harvested the present week. The quality is excellent—the quantity we will tell you about when threshing time comes.—Cleveland Banner.

It is the same story from every section of Tennessee—he wheat crop is likely to be one of the largest ever harvested—corn, cotton and tobacco is doing magnificently, and the farmers in better spirits than at any time since the war.—North Georgia Citizen.

We are now in the midst of the wheat harvest, and the reports are comparatively favorable. All agree about one thing—that the grain is in quality above the average. Jos. Matthews, one of the best farmers of this vicinity, says he never saw it as good. As soon as the threshers commence work we hope our friends in this and adjoining counties will advise us of the result. There are no indications at present as to the probable figure at which the market will open.—Athens Post.

Our accounts from all parts of the State represent the wheat crop as very fine. Soon they will commence cutting wheat, and we again urge upon our farming friends the importance of taking care of it, and of preparing it early for market. It will bring a better price early than late, and, if properly managed, will afford great pecuniary relief. Do not, by all means, let it remain in the fields after it is cut, and be ruined by summer rains. You can not be too cautious on this point. After having harvested your wheat, do not let it be destroyed through neglect.—Memphis Appeal.

Mullett's Opinion of the Condition of the Chicago Custom House.

CHICAGO, June 17.—Mr. Mullett, the former Supervising Architect of the Treasury, arrived in this city to-day, and made an examination of the new Custom House building. He stated to reporters that the building was by no means in the condition it has been represented; that the cracks were entirely on the inside walls, and that for a few hundred dollars all damage that has been done by winter's frosts could be remedied, and the necessary expense of rebuilding obviated. The stone used was, he states, of the finest quality and most suitable for the work.

Farmers, grade up your stock. If you can not have thoroughbreds, you can now easily have half bloods by using a thoroughbred male, and in a few years three-quarters. Always keep grading up, and soon all will have good stock.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Notes of Preparation for the Campaign of 1875.

WASHINGTON CITY, June 15, '75.

This being the political centre and headquarters of all political parties, the movements and actions of all political assemblages are carefully noted and their significance analyzed.

The conventions lately held in two great States—Pennsylvania and Ohio—have afforded politicians fruitful topics for discussion, and it may interest some of your readers to learn how the nominations in those States have been received by them.

It will be remembered that in 1872, when Gen. Hartranft was nominated for Governor by the Republicans of Pennsylvania, that the nomination was assailed with savage hostility, and he was attacked with such unrelenting rancor by the Democratic and Liberal press, not only in that State but throughout the North, that many Republicans were led to believe that his nomination was "one not fit to be made," and they hesitated to support him; and although the State was known to be Republican, it was feared that he would fail to be elected; but it was the year of the Presidential election also, and Pennsylvania could not do otherwise than be true to the Republican party.

After the election was over and Hartranft had been elected by a very large majority the plan of the campaign was easily understood, and the reasons for the bitterness of the assaults of his enemies were apparent. Pennsylvania voted early, and the Demo-Liberal party thought that if they could break through the centre of the Republican line, and defeat Hartranft, that it might be possible to elect Greeley and Brown. Vain hope!

Nearly three years of acceptable service in the gubernatorial chair has proven to the people how baseless were the cruel and malignant attacks upon an able and honorable man, and the Republicans have been so well satisfied with his administration that he was re-nominated by acclamation by the largest delegate convention that ever assembled in that State. Many of the Liberals who were deluded at that time will give him a cordial support. Ohio elected William Allen (uncle to Senator Thurman) Governor two years ago.

Allen was a U. S. Senator in Van Buren's time, and was known as a noisy radical Democrat, something after the style of Andy Johnson, of Tennessee. His election two years ago was a surprise to friends and opponents. His majority was about 740—a very close vote in so large a State. To say that the Republicans of Ohio are thoroughly aroused and determined to achieve a victory this fall scarcely gives you an idea of the intensity of the feeling in that State. They brought out ex-Governor Hayes, who has twice been elected Governor, and who acquitted himself with rare acceptability. He defeated George H. Pendleton in 1867, and Allen G. Thurman, now United States Senator from that State, in 1869. The ex-Governor did not wish to run, but the party was "upon its mettle," and the convention called him to be the standard-bearer in a campaign that is to be memorable.

Allen's defeat will bury two Presidential candidates—Gov. Allen and Allen G. Thurman, his nephew.

Your correspondent has been in Ohio within a few days, and since Hayes' nomination, and feels confident that Hayes will be elected by a larger majority than has been given to any candidate in Ohio since John Brown pulled up 100,000 against Vandalism.

Hayes' nomination has doubtless robbed Thurman and Allen of many a night's sleep, but as this is said to be a world of compensation, what it has taken from Thurman and Allen it has given to Tilden, of New York, and Hendricks, of Indiana.

The Democracy are sure of being carried far out to sea this fall by the receding "tidal wave" that lifted them (temporarily) high upon the beach last fall. Their temporary success was unfortunate for them. Their rule in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana disgusts the people in all those States. Their success was owing to a combination of circumstances, but principally owing to the tight vote and carelessness of the Republicans in all those States.

This fall we shall be brought face to face with the old enemy, and the first battle of the campaign of 1875 will be fought, and with such leaders in Pennsylvania and Ohio, victory is assured. The Republicans of those States "feel it in their bones," and the Democrats show the fear of their defeat in their countenances, and by their timidity. It is too early to entrust the Government in the hands of a party that proved itself so recreant to duty in 1869-71. What a proposal is theirs; to place the destiny of the Union in the hands of leaders, who, for four years, exhausted their energies and wasted their substance, in a diabolical but fruitless attempt to destroy! Be modest, Democratic friends, and show us some fruits meet for repentance, before we hand over the Government into your care.

O. P. T.

A Good Word for Blaine.

We suggest to such Republican journalists as think it worth while to wrestle with the "next-candidate" problem, that it would be well to think of James G. Blaine as one of the possibilities. If the situation remains unchanged for another year, he will be not only a possibility, but a strong probability.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

OUR EUROPEAN LETTER.

Voyage From New York to Liverpool

MANCHESTER, ENGLAND, June 23, 1875.

Correspondence Whig & Chronicle. On my next voyage from New York to Liverpool, I think that I shall bestow my patronage on the "air line" company, if such a company should, by any good fortune, be in existence at that time. I don't wish by any means to be understood as having any but a good word to say for the ship that has brought me safely over, but I do wish it to be distinctly understood that safety and a feeling of perfect and complete satisfaction with one's own self and his fellow-man are not invariable concomitants. A man, however philosophic he may be by nature or nurture, who for five mortal days and nights has a feeling of the greatest inward horror at the bear suggestion on thought of food, and whose gastronomic receptacle obstinately refuses to hold even for the space of a few minutes the smallest possible quantity of any form of aliment, can not be denominated a happy man, and I was that man. The remembrance of it is yet so fresh in my memory that I can not think of it with anything approaching comfortable feelings, and I shall spare those of your readers. The life aboard ship is proverbially monotonous. Even the bright and witty man becomes stale when his stock of stories and sharp sayings have become exhausted, and the lovely and bewitching young lady becomes a trifle tiresome when she puts in her appearance every day in the same always unbecoming suit of water-proofing. One naturally longs for excitement other than cards, chess or draughts can furnish, and anything that offers it is hailed with great delight.

During the last three days of our passage we had the good fortune to meet with something that does not happen every day to passengers across the great ferry. It was an OCEAN BOAT RACE. The White Star boat, "The Baltic," left New York the same day that we did, but some 6 hours later, and took the northern passage, which is some hundred miles shorter than the southern route, which the National line always follows. When three days off the coast of Ireland, the masts of a ship were apparent above the northern horizon, and soon the officers made her out to be the Baltic. She was at that time abreast of us, as the bearings of the compass showed; and as both ocean vessels were bound for the same port, a fair race was before us, and a trial for the speed of the two vessels could be fairly tested. The White Star Line has always considered their boats the fastest on the Atlantic waters and a triumph over one of them would be something to boast of. Consequently our officers were more than anxious to outstrip her in this fair contest. Of course as soon as it became known how matters stood, the excitement among the passengers reached a fever heat, and the Captain was implored not to let the Baltic "beat us in."

For three days and nights this race upon the broad Atlantic continued and was watched by the occupants of both vessels with the intensest interest. Sometimes one would be gaining and sometimes the other, and the poor Captain was continually plying with the question, "are we gaining on her now?" And when it was announced that we had gained a 'point' during the last 5 hours, the delight among the passengers was made manifest in a variety of ways, and the captain again was warned not to let the Helvetia be beaten. When at last we came in sight of land, the excitement increased still more, for we knew the goal was nigh, it was the "last quarter" of the race. Whoever passed Fastnet Light House in St. George's Channel first, was to be the winner. We were in plain view of each other now, we could almost see the passengers on the deck of the Baltic, and both vessels were steering straight for the Light House. It was hard pulling against a head wind, but with this disadvantage our engines carried us on at the rate of thirteen miles an hour. Soon it began to be apparent that we were leaving our rival behind, and the officers assured us that, judging by the compass we were certainly gaining on her rapidly. The Baltic fell gradually more and more astern of us, and when we steamed past the Light House she was fairly in our wake, and the White Star line had one more feather taken from her cap. When we passed Queens-town the Baltic was barely in sight.

The weather during the latter part of the voyage was very pleasant—bright days with no fog, and not much wind. The last day on board I had an experience which was quite novel to me, viz: racing by daylight at 15 minutes to 10 o'clock. This is one of those instances of the action of the law of compensation, where, in the summer, the length of the day is extended to make up for its equal curtailment in winter.

When we reached Liverpool, I suddenly discovered that I was in a very embarrassing predicament. In the hurry of leaving the vessel I had laid my keys down and come away without them, (we came in a tug for fifteen miles, as the tide was out, when we reached the port, and yet it is not possible for vessels to enter Liverpool except when the tide is in.) I had now, in order to get my baggage passed, enter to break the trunk open or run them through on my "check." I thought, as it was less expensive, that I would try the latter plan first, and being an American, of course I succeeded, though I have no doubt that the shilling I slipped into the hands of the young official into whose clutches I had fallen, smoothed the way very materially. Which proves that in other places than in America, official favor is a merchantable article—yes, even in old England. I will not write anything now of my impressions of the country, people, &c., for I have not yet seen enough to begin to form any opinion.

I. M. B.

BUNKER HILL.

A Procession Seven Miles in Length

[Special Dispatch to the Baltimore Sun.]

BOSTON, June 17.—The Bunker Hill Centennial has been an all-day affair in Boston. Business of all kinds having been suspended, and the weather being cool and pleasant, there was a general turn out of participants and spectators, both classes being so great as to be almost beyond enumeration. The route of the procession was seven miles long and it occupied nearly five hours passing one point, so that many who secured favorable places to witness the display consumed nearly the whole day before they were fully satisfied. I believe it would be an exaggeration to say that there were thirty thousand men in line. Major-General R. F. Butler, who commanded the division of the Massachusetts Militia, rode at the head of the column, coming to review at about 10 o'clock, A. M., in front of the State-house, where Gen. W. T. Sherman, Governor Gaston, Vice President Wilson, Senator Terry, of Michigan, Ex-Governor Boutwell and General A. E. Burnside, and many other distinguished persons reviewed the parade.

GENERAL BUTLER IN HIS GLORY.

General Butler had three brigades in his division, numbering about ten thousand men, and including ten regiments, several battalions of cavalry and companies of artillery. The prevailing uniforms were blue, though the trimmings and plumes gave variety and brilliancy to the line. General Butler rode a spirited charger, and seemed to be in his glory, as he was in his feathers and war paint. He is a good rider and was tumultuously applauded. The review lasted from 10 o'clock till noon, and included the visiting military organizations, as well as the Massachusetts militia escorting them. When the review was over, and there was a pause of a half hour while carriages were being filled at the State-house, "Uncle Ben," as everybody calls him, rode up and congratulated the Governor that the review was over. The Fifth Regiment was halted near by, having the left of the division of visiting organizations, and the Seventh New York the other post of honor, the right. General Butler said to the gentleman addressed, "Well, I suppose you are glad this is the year of the military, and pointing to the Fifth Maryland, added, "We have kept the best for the last."

In passing for review the infantry commands labored under disadvantage on account of the narrowness of the way for large company fronts, such as those presented by the Seventh New York, which marched with fronts of twenty-four files, while the Fifth Maryland had only eighteen files to the company front. The field and staff officers of the Fifth Maryland were much towards promoting the present era of good feeling which has characterized the great peace centennial.

Sulphur Springs Academy.

The above academy is situated in the lower end of Grainger county, in what is known as "Richland Valley." The citizens of this neighborhood, though men of ordinary means, have recently built and nearly completed an excellent framed house, 22 by 40. The situation of this academy, for natural and picturesque scenery, is unsurpassed in East Tennessee.

On the north, in full view, lies Clinch mountain. On the south, a beautiful and imposing range of variegated hills. "Of the varied features of the dry lands, mountains are the most attractive and conspicuous." An observer placed on Clinch mountain may see a number of miles in any direction. Near the academy are fine sulphur springs, which are accessible all seasons of the year. For beauty of situation, grandeur of scenery, and healthfulness, this neighborhood is, beyond any doubt, without a superior on the continent of America. If any of the readers of the CHRONICLE don't believe it, let them go and see for themselves, and they will be convinced of the truth of this assertion. The people are an unassuming, plain, orderly and moral community. As an inducement to young men and young ladies, who may wish to attend this school, the citizens have been and will continue to board students at extremely low rates—not exceeding \$1.50 per week, including washing, fuel, lights, &c. We challenge East Tennessee to beat it.

Mr. Justice, the Principal, is a young man of rare attainments. Mr. J. has been teaching school at this place for fifteen months, and I am happy to inform the public that he has given universal satisfaction to all his patrons. He has established a character that is unimpeachable.

The closing exercises of the last term of this school came off Friday, June 4th. Early in the morning the roads in every direction were crowded with buggies, wagons, ox-carts, and wheeled vehicles of every description, loaded with lucious and delicious substantial of life, and by nine o'clock there was an immense crowd gathered at the Academy. The examination commenced at nine and continued up to twelve, when an hour was given for refreshments and recreation, and after the people had partaken freely of a bountiful dinner of which there was an abundance for all, the examination was resumed at one and continued until 7 P. M. The examination of the several classes was pointed and thorough, and evidenced that the teacher had performed his duty well, and that the students had not been idle. Last came the exhibition, which consisted in declamations, compositions and comic debates. The students all, from the least to the greatest, performed their part well. The prizes were awarded to the following: M. Vitello, Ida Mitchell and Ellen Weaver.

The school at this place will open again the second Monday in August, 1875.

LACON.

A Coatsburg (Ill.) correspondent of the Athens Post says: During last week Gibbs, Grigsby & Co. drove in here from their farm seventy head of steers that weighed an average of 1,615 pounds. These cattle were shipped to Chicago and sold for \$6.80 per 100 pounds, and the net proceeds for the seventy steers was \$7,250.

THE PALMETTO AND THE PINE.

The South Carolinians planted a palmetto and a pine tree on Bunker Hill, and the palmetto attracted much attention.

In regard to the visiting military organizations it should be stated that the Seventh New York, the First Pennsylvania, of Philadelphia, and the Fifth Maryland received the greatest applause. The Ninth regiment, Massachusetts, wearing red coats, although it is an Irish regiment, with green plumes, was equal to the best for fullness of ranks and steady, soldierly bearing. Their uniform is much against them, but in drill they are well up, and have, no doubt, fine officers, upon whom so much depends in a military organization. There was

TENNESSEE ITEMS.

A Masonic celebration, parade, &c., is to take place at Whitesburg on the 24th inst.

Mr. John Mills, of Nashville, was struck dead by lightning at 1 o'clock, p. m., Wednesday.

Woodson, the alleged murderer of Mrs. Jarrett, of Rutherford county, is still in jail at Nashville.

Chattanooga celebrated the Bunker Hill Centennial with 57 guns singing "The Sword of Bunker Hill."

John A. Cooper, Back Tax Collector for Davidson county, is in jail for contempt of Court, having failed to turn over his books when ordered so to do.

They have a cotton factory at Brownsville in which there are 33,000 spindles and 120 looms. They employ 80 hands, and pay them \$2,000 per month.

Greenville has been quarantined, the authorities having learned that there a few cases of small pox among the hands on the Cincinnati Southern railroad.

The Riversides justly feel proud of the championship of East Tennessee, and next year we predict they will make a desperate effort for the championship of the State.

Application will be made to the Nashville courts, in a few days, praying that the Trustees of the Bank of Tennessee be restrained from receiving new issues in payment of debts due the Bank.

They fined a man \$10 in Greenville the other day for whipping another man's wife and daughter. They wouldn't be apt to find him at all in Knoxville—that is, if the husband is worth a cent.

We are informed this morning that Mr. Ross, of Knoxville, engaged in mining operations on the Willis Parker property on Valley river, found the other day, a solid piece of gold weighing thirty-seven and a half pennyweights.—Cherokee Herald.

Col. Mark S. Cockerill, Dr. E. T. Noel and Col. Thos. Gibson, of Davidson county, have just purchased a short-horn calf at Toronto, Ontario, six weeks old, for which they paid \$300 in gold, the highest price ever paid in the world for an animal of his age.

Memphis Appeal: We have received a sample of silk made by our odorous the other day for whipping another man's wife and daughter. They wouldn't be apt to find him at all in Knoxville—that is, if the husband is worth a cent.

The Chattanooga Commercial says: "What a chance for speculation lies about here unimproved! Why don't some capitalist go to work and saw up the smell that arises from our odorous district into chunks suitable for transportation, and sell it to farmers and market gardeners. A pound of it would go further than a ton of guano." What a nice place to live in!

One of the Princess of Wales' Dresses.

[Paris Letter to the N. Y. Graphic.]

In the matter of seaside fashions the Princess of Wales seems to be leading the *beau monde*. She has had a dress made that is being copied by the *modistes* here, and is worthily being described. It is of Edinburgh cloth, and embroidered in parti-colored garlands, into which are ingeniously embroidered the monogram and crest of the Princess. The monogram is *allonge* in Italian fashion, and the crown embroidered upon three overlapping pieces crossing at the sides of the skirt. Similar embroidery is reproduced on the corsage, which is cut on the bias of the cloth. In some of the robes in imitation of it the embroidery of the monogram and crests are confined to special parts of the dress, as the chapeleine, cuffs, collars, &c., the crowns intermingling with shields, giving a harmonious effect. The soldier is covered with embroidery. From this application of the monogram to the toilet one may fairly expect to see dresses next year covered with texts in embroidery, so that upon meeting with a dame one has but to glance over her robe to read her autobiography in the sentiments deftly woven in her toilet. If he reads the Latin text running up her sleeve, "*Dum spiro spero*," he may infer that the wearer is a hopeful *Namor*, while the fortune-seeking maiden will have inscribed on her girdle, "*Amor fati* *beaucoup*, *mais argut fait tout*." In any event a proper motto for such gowns would be, "*A grand frais*."

Ethan Allen.

It was one hundred years ago on the 19th of May that Ethan Allen with the assurance characteristic of the first-class Yankee, demanded of the British officer in command of Fort Ticonderoga the surrender of the garrison and all its sanguinary paraphernalia. He was polite enough to say that the request was made "on the authority of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," and upon those papers he took possession. This Centenary business has brought out a good many anecdotes of Allen, some of which were supposed to be planted beyond resurrection. Here is one:

Allen was in church one Sunday with a number of friends listening to a very high Calvinistic minister (exact stature not recorded). The text chosen was, "Many shall strive to enter in but shall not be able," and the preacher premised his remarks by observing that the grace of God was certainly sufficient to include one person out of ten. "Secondly," disclosed the fact that not one in twenty would attempt to avail himself of salvation. At "thirdly" it came out that but one man in fifty was really an object of Divine solicitude. "Fourthly" was announced, and the estimate of the elect now reduced to greater correctness, the sad conclusion was being drawn that only one out of eighty—when Allen seized his hat and evacuated the pew, exclaiming, "I'm off, boys, any one of you may take my chance."—Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for July.